

# Comment

## It's time to consider wards

The time has come, we think, for the Municipality of Russell to re-consider how councillors are elected. When we look around at our neighbours, and the local politicians who make decisions on their behalf, we realize that a large group is unrepresented.

To be sure, each adult has a vote. It's democratic. But it's not representational.

We have arrived at this position because one community, Embrun, has grown to a point where it has almost two-thirds of the municipality's population. Come election time, members of that community will elect people it thinks represents its interests best — as it should be. But with an overwhelming majority, Embrun can always fill the council regardless how the others vote.

This is not the fault of the good people of Embrun. It's simply how things have worked out. But other opinions are needed on a representational municipal council. We need a variety of voices to represent the diversity of our municipality.

The easiest way to achieve this is to adopt a ward system to elect our municipal government. Each identifiable community would be allocated a certain number of seats reflecting its population. Each community would elect its spokespersons — and demand accountability.

The ward system is sane. That's why it's being adopted by more and more municipal bodies in Canada.

We think the time has come for Russell Municipality. It makes sense.

## Beaver Bob

### Sleeping with one's cap on

We are now getting hordes of television experts telling people what to do when the thermometer goes down below zero (Fahrenheit). One expert the other day suggested sleeping with a cap on. Some of us have been doing that for years.

It has a number of advantages in addition to keeping the head warm. Should you happen to meet anyone of distinction in your dreams, you can tip your hat to them.

They say that seventy percent of the body heat escapes through the top of the head. Apparently, the skull acts as a kind of chimney. This accounts for the fact that you often see little tendrils escaping from people's heads as they go about their daily affairs. This applies particularly to deep thinkers.

It may also account for the halo seen around the heads of holy people in medieval paintings. This may have been caused by escaping heat. It may also explain baldness, on the grounds that so much heat coming out has simply crisped away the hair follicles. Here again, the reference would be to people with a great deal of heat-generating brain energy.

The advantage of wearing head covering when you are sleeping in a cold room is that your body stays a lot warmer. If you also wear socks, then you keep the heat in at both ends.

In the old days people wore stocking caps and long nightgowns. There is a lot to recommend this. A stocking cap — something like a toque with a dangling tail — clings to the head. Sometimes it tilts down over the ear or winds around the neck giving a ludicrous appearance. But, after all, who is there to see?

Personally, I find there is a lot to be said for a cap. Let's face it, a

person in bed with a stocking cap looks rather buffoonish, unless, of course, he is on his death-bed, when it lends a macabre dignity.

A cap, on the other hand, lends a rakish air, even in bed. The peak keeps the light out of one's eyes, if one likes to read in bed. You can still raise your eyes from the printed page to watch late-night television. A cap maintains an air of quiet dignity, even when bundled up to the ears with old scarves and sweaters.

Some old homes were constructed in stages over a long period, and often, during the conversion process, it turned out that furnace ducts were not carried to every room. Such is my own case.

I have two upstairs bedrooms with no heating whatsoever. The only way to keep the room reasonably warm is to leave the door open. This entails a certain risk because one never knows what strange creatures may rush in and leap on one's chest.

By wearing a cap, one can sleep comfortably in any temperature. There is a risk, with a cap that it may become dislodged during the night. To avoid this, jam it down firmly over the ears before turning off the light. Assume a comfortable position, holding the cap firmly with both hands. Generally, you will find the cap will stay on for most of the night, if you don't move around too much.

The other night I dreamed I was in a club and a steady procession of Greeks came up and shook me by the hand. I tipped my hat so many times when I woke up in the morning, it was on the floor. My head was freezing. This can be avoided by tying an old necktie over the hat and under the chin. Better still, just leave the door open and take your chances.



Exiled from our home built with love and great care  
We came to this place, old — yet to us, new.  
The sun shone on the house as white as the snow

On the fields of lot 16, concession 2.  
—Illustration by Shirley Van Dusen. Poetry by  
Margo McCallum (From Poets of The Castor).

## Letters

### We enjoy the paper

My wife and I enjoy receiving your very interesting and newsy paper each month. While I have been away from Russell for a good many years I still remember many of the names that appear in it. Beulah's relationship to Russell has been much closer and more recent so that it provides a lot of interest for her.

Since our marriage in February 1978 Beulah and I have been privileged to take a number of trips as hosts. We visited the Holy Land in February 1978, spent two weeks in Barbados in mid-winter 1979 and then hosted a tour of Europe and the Oberammergau Passion Play in September 1980. Since then we have been busy looking after our respective families.

However in July 1982 we are escorting and hosting a tour to the Yukon and of course are looking for folks to come along with us.

Keep up the good work and continue to give us, who are

among your readers, the fine excellent service we have known.

Every good wish to the Castor Review in the years ahead.

Sincerely,  
(Rev.) Bob McNaught  
802-3420 Eglinton E.  
Scarborough, Ont.  
M1J 2H9

### Remember names

During the past few months we have been receiving copies of *The Review* and we enjoy it very much.

It is now over 50 years since I left Russell — in 1929 to be exact — changing my position on the staff of the Russell Continuation School for one in Dryden. Since then, both my wife and I have taught in Dryden, Owen Sound, Port Arthur and finally in Brockville. Then we returned to Dryden after retirement 11 years ago.

In between, I was editor of the *Dryden Observer*, first in the Forties, and then again since we returned to Dryden. I read with interest the news in *The Review*

which keeps us in touch with events in our former home. My wife was a resident of Winchester so she, too, has ties in the area.

We are spending the Winter in Victoria but will return to Dryden in April where our address will be Box 208.

I read, too, with interest the changes in the town and neighbourhood since we were last there. It is great to know that the town is growing and developing many interests for its residents.

Ward Scott,  
Victoria, B.C.

### Postal irritation

Please renew my subscription for 1982. I enjoy your publication immensely — the new format is a significant improvement.

My only complaint is with the Canada/U.S. postal service (?) My November issue reached me December 28 and I am still awaiting the December release. However, it is still worth the wait.

May you prosper in 1982.  
D.A. Mac Keracher  
San Jose, Calif.

## Bruno Beefs

### Crumbling expectations

Many Canadians have watched helplessly as their world crumbled around them. Soaring interest rates have left a trail of bankruptcies and financial disasters for many.

We are still fighting the aftershocks, but perhaps we can come out of this experience much wiser

and ready to play a vital part in the development of our country.

I'm sure that we all have come in contact with some of the government's concessions to multinational corporations. Our government granted millions, if not billions, to save a few jobs and all it did was delay the inevitable.

### The Castor Review

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A small, tight one this time, folks... no room for small talk... Here's who dun it: Marc Belanger (News) 445-3252; Dorothy Marquette (Visiting) 445-2168; Jack McLaren (Sports) 445-2131; Donna Nordenstrom (For Kids) 445-2936; Barbara Overall (Grist) 821-1155; Gillian Rokosh (Circulation) 445-2874; Tom Van Dusen (Comment) 445-5770; Lola Wood (Horse Bits) 445-2976; Eileen Hamelin (Calendar) 445-5335; Ian Darragh (Photos) 445-3092; and, Greg Rokosh (Recreation) 445-2874. Also, Connie Belanger, Tommy Van Dusen, Bruno and Diane Santilli and Phill Potter and his magic darkroom... we're all cheering for the team that came up with the name The Russell Sprouts... What do you get when a line-up of rabbits all take on step backward? A receding hare line...gd'nite, folks...

Next meeting and deadline: Feb. 17

Next issue: February 26

The time for bartering with those that in time of crisis will leave us destitute is over — it's time to invest in ourselves and in our country.

Even our fellow Canadians are capable of turning against us. Take, for example, the comment of Calgary's mayor about unskilled labour from Ontario and Quebec. No in is born a criminal. Hard times have a way of rekindling the animal element even in the most adjusted person.

Do we incarcerate people for stealing a loaf of bread because they're starving?

We are at the crossroads — we can either start to demand better distribution of our tax dollar as well as accountability for misspent money, or we can look forward to our streets becoming jungles, crime and unemployment climbing steadily and eventually our country becoming one of the world's needy nations.

Consider the consequences and be ready to fight for our rights. Invest in Canada — it is your future.